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Choice Poetry.

MISANTHROPIC HOURS. BY N. P. WILLIE.

iewing beautiful lines obtained the prine which is by the Editors of the Recorder and Telegraph is poetical production during the year lifts. The reas awarded, by a committee appointed for the Mr. Nathaniel P. Willie, a member of Tale the author.]

ges, as the author.]

I sometimes feel as I could blot
All traces of mankind from earth—
As if were wrong to blast them not.
They so degrade, so shame their birth.
To think that earth should be so fair,
So beautiful and bright a thing:
That nature should come forth and wear
Such glarious appareling;
That aky, see, as should live and glow
With light and love and holises,
And yet man never feel or know
How much a Ged of love can bless—
How deep their debt of than fulness.

How deep their debt of thankfulness.

I ve seen the sun go down, and light
Like floods of gold poured on the sky—
When every tree and flower was bright,
And every peake was beating high,
And the full soul was gnahing love,
And longing for its home above—
And then, when sells would soar, if ever,
To the high homes of thought and soul—
When life a degrading ties should sever,
And the free spirit spun control.
Then have I seen, (oh! how my cheek
Is houring with the shame I feek,
That truth is in the words I speak.)
I've seen my fellow-creatures steal
Away to their unballow'd mirth,
As if the revelries of earth
Were all that they could feel or share,
And glorious heavens were scarcely worth
their passing notice or their care.—
I've gold I was a seen, but the seen of their care.—
I've gold I was a seen, but on the same of their care.—

phoins. We may record it, and as a matter of morth yerthan, but for the make of historical morth yerthan, but for the make of historical morth yerthan, but for the make of historical morth yer and the property of the prope

THE OLD CHURCH BELL BY GEORGE COOPER.

Up in the belfry I swing, I ring; Here on my threse I am King. Hither I estument the bust, Hither to ble and read; Hither to worship, hither to wed, Hither to sump in a quiet lood. Swing, ring, And thus I bring. And at my beek as I am awinging.

What is the season to me or mine?
What he it stormy or fine?
Daily to me the section plots,
Fresh from the turning sods;
In his gray eyes right well de I soe
Whether a welding or death it he.
Swing, ring,
The notes I fing,
Over the valley are winging.

Sire and children, one by one,
Answered my warning tone;
Who but the sexton is older than If
He is my kinsman high:
Owls are my courtiers, loving me wall;
Hood you the voice of the old church bell;
Swing, ring,
And when I swing,
The rich and poor I am bringing.

Come from the labors and dreams of life, Maiden and gentle wife!
Youth of the proud, ambitious brow, Where are thy visions new?
Others are stelling the steay you told.
Others are scheming for giory and gold.
Swing, risg.
And here I cling.
Shaking the grave with my singing.

Down, when the stars are aloft, I gaze, Watching the twinkling rays Out from the village window shine; Somebody there is unine; Hands are parted, and young lips meet-0, but the days of life are freet.

THE INFRENAL REGIONS

[Fas Contributor's Saturday Night.]
Old Cincinnatians, and many who are not so vory old, will remember the museum on Sycamore street, just above Third. Time was when there was a large and rare collection of curiosites to be seen there, which required much time and money to bring together, but they are eastered to the four winds new, we suppose. The great attraction of the place for country folks and young passes was the representation of the Infernal Regions, situated at the very top of the museum. This exhibition is said to have been gotten up by no less calebrated an artist than Hiram Powers, the aculator, during his youthful days in Cincinnati.

the acciptor, during his yeathful days in Cincinnati.

The old museum underwent many changes of ownership and management, and experienced numerous viciositudes. Its last owner was Dr. Kerr, who now enjoys a world-wide celebrity as the compounder and proprietor of the Great System Removator. We remember visiting the Infernal Regions once, some seven or eight years ago, when the good-natured doctor was running them day and night at tremendons expense. "Pacilis decenus Averul," wrote Virgil-easy is the descent into hell—and then he added something to the effect that the devil of it was to get back again. On the occasion mentioned, when we visited Averuus, the route did not descend through the bissing fires of Vesuvius which Encas braved upon a similar mission, but it led up some five or aix flights of simirs.

The Sybil who acted as guide upon the occasion, to protect us from the Furies, Hydras and other engaging monsters who how! at the entrance of Averuus, or who throng the banks of the Tartarian lake, was the ethereal doctor himself.

The Sibri led us eafely past Brigarens with his

WHOLE NUMBER, 838.

THE OLD LOG HOUSE The old log house, the swallows' nook.
With thoughtful care bestowed;
The results bridge, the bubbling breek.
The pensisted by the read;
The maple trees where, every mera,
The birds using o'er and o'er;
The relies care of riposed corn
That hung budde the door.

The perch where room fendly cling.
The deer that opened wide:
The sender late, the leading string.
That always hung cutaide:
The wide-spread hearth and sany chair,
The pictures on the wall:
The white-haired father sitting these—
Ab! you I see them all.

The highpost bedstead, curtained 'round, Where mother always niept;
The old oak thest, with leather bound, Where all my clothes were kept;
The Hely Book upon the stand,
So fall of heavenly light;
The pressure of a father a hand,
A mother's kind good night.

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A SELF-MADE MAX.